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Judge

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BLIND!

WANTED—A leader for a poor old party. Apply to the DEMOCRACY, Salt river.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

W. J. ARKELL, *Editor* — BERNHARD GILLAM. I. M. GREGORY.

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MOST of Mr. Croker's testimony is given by his doctor.

* * *

WE MUST admit that Mr. Cleveland says the same thing in a wonderful variety of ways.

* * *

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits; everything except state-prison.—*Keenan and Sayles.*

* * *

THOSE PERSONS who favor pepper on strawberries will presently take butter on their sausages.

* * *

MOTTO of business man down town—What is cheap for my lunch is the most dreadful extravagance for my family.

* * *

JIMMY HUSTED has retired again from public life, and may be found until further notice only at the sign of the Cheshire cheese.

* * *

A BLACK MAN of Texas carried off the highest honors of the Union college of law at Chicago. Are we ruined by cheap Ethiopian labor?

* * *

WILLIAM O'BRIEN promises a lecture-tour in this country, and it is thought has already undergone several of the preliminary lessons.

* * *

THERE SEEMS to be doubt whether Fassett wants to be governor or senator, and as to the position of Platt in the interesting premises; but time is a great developer.

* * *

PEACE HATH her victories, etc. The graduates of Vassar attract more attention than those of West Point, and we must say they are better-looking and more attractive.

* * *

THE PRINCE of Wales apparently pays attention to the American Mrs. Bloodgood because of her name; and as she accepts it because of his title there is no honor lost or gained.

ABOUT MONUMENTS.

A BUFFALO PAPER says the little vault in which Grant's remains rest is "a blistering, burning shame" to New York in view of the bronze to Lee. Now that is not fair. A bronze statue of Grant quite as valuable as that of Lee might be paid for seven times over any day in any week by New-Yorkers, but that is not what is wanted. The memorial to Grant must cost an infinitely larger sum, and time provides for these things rather than the enthusiasm of a day or a year. History will take care of Grant in these matters, as it has to a fair extent of Washington; and the later monument, large or small, is the one that tells how long men live after they are dead. The quick monument is worthy of all respect, but it typifies in many cases the blaze that went up and out within the memory of a generation. The one that is long delayed and finally finished is builded stone on stone of the gathering and increasing affection of the people through the years and centuries; and if its cap-stone is never in place it is because the memory is not ended till the world dies. The memory of Grant is pretty well taken care of. We guess his bones are going to rest comfortably if his monument isn't completed within the time given to that of Washington.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE CORN.

AUNT HILDA—"You ain't got no more sperrit than a mouse, Jefferson."
UNCLE JEFFERSON (*who has been there some time*)—"I be kinder cowed, Polly."

BOB AND THE BUTCHERS.

IF IT IS TRUE, as alleged, that Mr. Browning said the most intelligent criticisms of his books came from Chicago, then Chicago has won a compliment of which it has a right to be proud. It is a compliment for its pluck and its perseverance, and it shows that no work in this world is too great for Chicago to undertake. To criticise intelligently the critic must understand, and a mastery of Browning's meaning is the thing that used to be called a herculean task. After this there need be no doubt of a successful world's fair, and if Chicago ever tries to go to heaven in a balloon it will be done or there will be some knowledge of the reason of the failure. But there are two drawbacks. One—Browning didn't understand Browning, and was therefore incompetent as a critic of criticism of Browning; and, two—Browning never said any such thing in a lucid interval, because he never had one.

REGARDING BULLIES.

A PAPER has large head-lines commending an athletic association for deciding to withdraw an invitation sent to John L. Sullivan to give an exhibition of himself; and several other papers commend an ex-editor for turning his back on Sullivan with the remark, "I don't want to know you; you are a bully—go away." According to various accounts Sullivan offended nobody in one of the cases, and in the other his offense was unintentional and his rebuke was accepted without protest. There is, therefore, bullying of two kinds, and perhaps one is about as good and respectable as the other.

KICKING IS INDEPENDENCE.

A FAMILY QUARREL is the worst kind of disturbance; and when a party organ kicks against a leader of its party it does so with such unction at the toe as to dislocate the bones of its ankle and shock its spinal column to the seat of its brain. The JUDGE is pleased at these things. They show that there is independence regardless of personal sacrifice, and the old-fashioned organ that was known as hide-bound never had a sufficiency of elasticity to know that it could stretch its legs without asking permission to do so. The JUDGE views without alarm every demonstration of that kind; they make the—the Democratic newspapers decidedly interesting.

THE CRIME OF PROHIBITION.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY says that if prohibition were adopted in this state the flood-gates of vice would be thrown wide open. Would they not? An inoperative law is no law at all. All repressive measures within its scope fail because of its existence. There is a failure of taxation because of that inoperative law. There is the unlicensed vice which feels its temporary freedom and is prepared to make the most of it. Is prohibition inoperative? The statistics show that it is. There is no prohibition in Maine. There never was in any state which adopted it. The main effects of prohibition, where tried, are poor liquor, large prices for it, an increase in the inmates of lunatic asylums, poverty for the farmer, and a system of semi-thievery and deliberate falsehood on the part of the inhabitants and the transients which unfits them for prayer and church-going. The Lord doesn't destroy the world because of the evils therein. The state cannot destroy the freedom of all citizens because of the intemperance of the few. Apples must be raised regardless of apple-juice; wheat, corn, rye, and hops regardless of beverages. People must eat though some men are gluttons, and in no respect must the vicious few control the virtuous majority.

INCONSISTENCY AMONG THE SEDGES.

DARRELL (*who has popped*)—"It's only your sister Lou, my dear."
MISS KORTON—"I don't care if it is. I'm sure that if *you'd* been engaged for only five minutes you'd want to hide your face too."

REPORT on the modern filibusters—They are the most idiotic of their idiotic kind.

* * *

EDITOR BROMLEY is said to have knocked out Mr. Sullivan with a single sentence, and possibly he can be called a bully too.

* * *

SOMEBODY calls for a new white-house at Washington. Better wait till it is known whereabouts west of us the new white-house is going to be permanently located.

* * *

A LADY RIDER has had a saddle made which will enable her to ride on the right or left side of the horse, as she chooses, but not on both sides at the same time.

* * *

IT TAKES five minutes to show an iceman that ice should go up, and a century to show him that it should go down; and it will be very costly where he goes when he dies.

* * *

IT IS PLEASANT to see Republicans pitch into each other. It indicates that when the time comes for the work that counts they will have used up that kind of ammunition.

DAN LAMONT will never get to be such a railroad king that he will be too proud to act as private secretary to Secretary Whitney, whatever railroad that gentleman may control and whatever office he may choose to run for. In point of fact those men, united by bonds of politics and business, are one and inseparable.

HURRAH FOR THE BOODLERS!

BUT THREE BOODLERS have been imprisoned for the Broadway-surface bribery, and but one remains in prison. It cannot be said that the others have not suffered in exile, and a few of them are dead, for justice will have its own in some shape; but the tax-payers have suffered too, for the comparative failure of the law has cost them a great deal of money. Since the Broadway bribery there is a new set of scoundrels, as the senate investigating committee shows; but it is doubtful if any of them are punished, and indeed some of them, known to be guilty, have already been acquitted through some technicalities of the law. Boodling is not a profitable business in the long run; but so far as the law is concerned it has about as much encouragement as any rather dangerous occupation, and we suppose the majority will go on voting for the party of the boodlers until at least the next startling development of corruption.

THE WRECKING OF AN ANTHEM.

GRANDMA FULLERSONG (*who has always been used to congregational singing*)—"Now I'm goin' to jest enjoy myself." (*Starts in two notes ahead of the choir.*)

THE TENOR (*to the organist*)—"Say, Beaver; that high C pipe's leakin' again."

HUM OF THE COURT.

THE GLUTTON can never tell when he has enough, because he never has.

THE USUAL mistake—One of the things one had rather somebody else had said.

THERE ARE forty-one states besides the one known as the Louisiana lottery company.

"LADIES, treat your shoes tenderly," says Helen Joy. It is advice in behalf of the small boy which is worthy of all acceptation.

A MAN in Tophet said last week, "Good gracious! there is no ice within a thousand miles and I feel as hot as if I were in New York."

AT THE FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA.

MR. DEWLAP (*who has been leaning against the alcohol lamp*)—"How much better it would be, Mrs. Oxford, if people would content themselves with refreshing tea instead of fooling with intoxicants."

THE GREAT WOMEN of the age are largely noticeable for the persistency with which they refuse to give it.

IT IS very mean in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* to speak of the duke of Orleans as an ambitious fool. It has not been proved that the duke is ambitious.

"I DO NOT think much of George Eliot's novels," says Lady Colin Campbell. That is to be lamented; but then she likes literature and will doubtless give all possible encouragement to Mr. Zola.

MANY a man who won't lie about his fishing does it about his summer garden. If he can't boast of the size and volume of his vegetables he has the satisfaction of lying about the cost of them.

MISS CLEVELAND has sufficiently recovered from her narrow escape from drowning to say that she never had any experience of that kind.

"WHAT BECOMES of equity?" asks the editor of the Troy *Press*. Dear sir, equity was crucified nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

CYRUS FIELD carries two watches. This may be tolerated; but when he wears three shoes a stop will be put to his foolish extravagance.

SAM JONES says he doesn't believe God had dudes in contemplation when he made Adam; and if he had Sam Jones in view how sad that was too!

BERNHARDT will not play here next fall; so we apprehend that the surgeons have not been able to remove her from the splinter that got in her knee.

WE ARE pleased to learn from the *Post-Express* that the religious sentiment of Rochester is on deck. It is as gratifying as if it were flying at the peak.

WE DO think that Colonel Shepard occasionally says things that might better be omitted; but then he occasionally omits things that might be said.

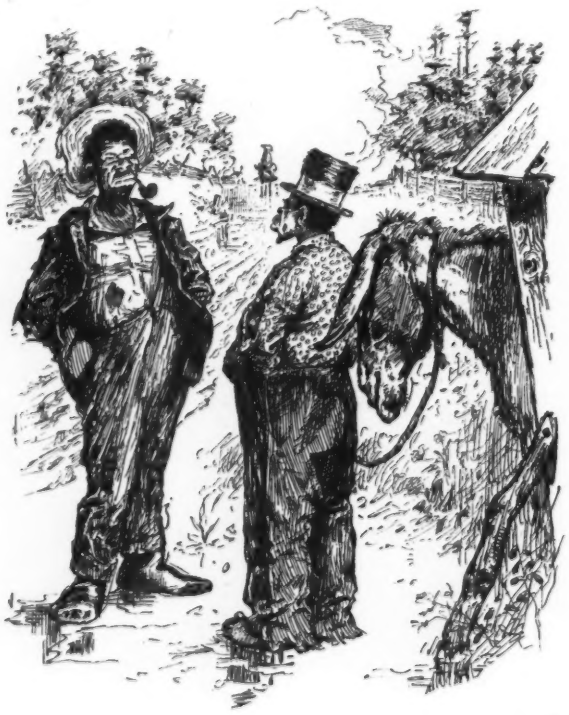
IT IS PROPER for a lady to refuse to give her age in court or anywhere else. True, she was present at the birth, but she is obviously an incompetent witness and can swear to nothing of the kind of her own knowledge.

THE NEGRO question will be settled after death, and meanwhile the politicians and the religious bodies must worry along as best they can; but what a wise Providence there must be to be able to settle such a problem as that.

PERHAPS the biggest fool of all is the man who thinks the same of you. You would be too modest of your own judgment to pass that sentence on him; but his judgment is as free as the frost of winter, and presently it will return to nip him in his early bud.

GENERAL EARLY flew into a passion last week because somebody mistook him for General Longstreet. It may be mentioned that the insulted veteran is one of the two officers of the late confederacy who suffer their names to be used in connection with the Louisiana lottery as a means of inducing the credulous to invest and lose their money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

General Early is extremely sensitive. Ever since the little affair of the Shenandoah valley he has been enthusiastic in only two things—his love of lotteries and his hatred of Philip Sheridan.



A SUDDEN UPRISING.

MR. WAMPLES—"Da's d' mos' fool-lookin' mewl I ebber seen. Doan' look laik he knowed nuffin'."

MR. FONDLEY—"Doan', doan' he? Yo' jess watch 'm. Want yo' dinner, Ephus?"

SOME FISHING EXPRESSIONS.

1. Somnolence.

2. A nibble.

3. A bite.

4. Got him.

5. L—l—l—l——

6. —— lost him!

7. Another bait.

8. Thumb hooked!

9. The sport renewed.

10. Another bite.

11. A struggle,——

12. And victory.

REASONING BY ANALOGY.

"IS BAGLEY'S wife traveling with any circus this year?"

"Bagley's wife! Why, I didn't know she was a performer."

"You didn't? Well, she was practicing the bare-back act at all the balls last winter."

ITS FIRST EFFECT.

"LOOK HERE!" exclaimed the grocer to a loafer; "that's the sixth lump of sugar you've put in your mouth."

"That's all right. The last tariff bill put sugar on the free list."

JOHN WANAMAKER.

ALTHOUGH the postage-stamp of green
Was sickly, Mr. Dana said,
I marvel one of pious mien,
Like John, could go and paint it red.

A LITTLE LATE.

IN CHICAGO.

He—"May I have the pleasure of your company at supper, Miss Breezy?"

She—"You're a little late, Mr. Waldo; I've been down to supper three times already."

THE EXACT PLACE.

IN A military hospital.

"And whereabouts do you feel worst, corporal?"

"On sentry-duty, doctor."

GETTING INTO DEBT.

NOT paying when one has the money, and being compelled to pay when one hasn't.

PERMANENT RESIDENTS.

NEW-YORKER (*who has invested in southern property*)—"I thought you told me that a lot of northerners had settled down here for good. I haven't seen one."

MOUNTAIN SPECULATOR—"I said *hereabouts*, friend. Gettysburg's only ten miles over th' ridge, thar."

HIS INTENTION.

Young lady—"And do you come down the same way you go up, Mr. Sandbag?"

Balloonist—"No, miss; I try to come down feet first."

THE BEST WAY.

"THAT Mrs. Jones, she puts me out!"
Cried Mrs. Smith De Gray.
"Her numerous cares she talks about
In such persistent way."

"Bear patiently, my dear," said Gray,
"To hear your neighbor's sorrow;
The trouble that she has to-day
You may endure to-morrow."

'Oh, yes—I know!" with hasty air
She answered; "but I've vowed
When I have any woes to bear
I'll bear them—not so loud!"

EVA LOVETT CARSON.

UNCONSCIOUSLY SARCASTIC.

MR. GOOLEY (*with strong musical fervor*)—"Perhaps you'd like to have me give you a rendering of my last ballad? It's called 'No sleep comes to my fevered brain.'"

HIS NEW LANDLADY—"Mr. Gooley, if you are aware that that is a piano-bedstead I think you are very unkind to make fun of it."

THE MODERN CUPID.

"LOVE HAS very little to do with the modern marriage," said Bagley.

"Cupid's aim is getting weaker every day."

"Yes; he hits the pocket oftener than the heart," replied Bayley.

THE SWEET GIRL-GRADUATE.

Ethel—"Where are you going, May?"

May—"Down to the dressmaker's to get measured for my graduating essay."

BEHIND THE BUTTS.

MARKER MCGASHEY—"Thot wor a close call fer yez, Jerry. Th' bullet wint shtraight t'rough yure hair!"

MARKER FITZPATRICK—"It did, Corney; an' Oi wor t'inkin' av me hair hadn't been av good linth Oi'd had me whole hid blowed aff me!"

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

IT IS NOT intricacy of thought that moves the world. Genius lives, then shapes experience to words.

Envy is a wicked little ripple that distorts everything reflected in what should be the placid waters of the soul. And the smallest ponds are the most inveterate ripplers.

It has a wealth of names, pagan and Christian, this course-of-things which "makes for righteousness"; and it matters little whether we call it chance, fate, fortune, destiny, providence, or God.

There are two kinds of happiness—one personal, one universal. The first is dependent upon persons, and fluctuates with their power or inclination to give. The other is gathered from the universe, enriching without impoverishing; and its source need never fail provided the soul retains its power of absorption.

Let no one look to God for forgiveness. God never forgives. Is the single consequence of an act ever abated? Is the eternal list ever cut short for tears or prayers? If forgiveness comes at all it must be through the consequences of failure or wrong-doing, not by an attempt to shirk these consequences or to thrust them off on to some one or something else. And forgiveness is finally subjective, developing from within, but coming from without never.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

A CHRONIC AFFLICTION.

DOCTOR IPPENHECKER—"Vat seems to be der droubles?"

MRS. SONENBAUM—"Poor Natey's horse von py a head at Gravesent yesterday, unt der dear man aind peen able to shut he's eyes since."

NOT QUITE EXACT.

EXAMINATION in sacred history.

Professor—"For what crime were Adam and Eve driven from Eden?"

Pupil (after a moment's hesitation)—"For—for—for killing their brother Abel."

SALAAM!

AS ONE who, ent'ring in a holy place,
Bows low and feels a touch of saintliness;
As one who, clothed in ordinary dress,
Looks up to those adorned with silk and lace;
As one who, looking in a maiden's face,
His heart aflame with thoughts she cannot guess,
Becomes at last full strong and terrorless,
And in her eyes obtains the hoped-for grace;
So, unto thee, oh, Turk unspeakable,
Transplanted from the land of date and fig,
A long and low obeisance do I make;
As yesterday, so do I see, thee still—
Thy dirty fez and variegated rig,
And scores of Gotham gamins in thy wake!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

AFRAID IT WOULD FOLLOW HIM.

Waiter (to diner)—"Excuse me, sir; but whistling is not allowed in this restaurant."

Diner—"I'm not disturbing any one, am I?"

Waiter—"No, sir; but that last lot of cheese we got in is very sensitive."

IN FLY-TIME.

THERE are fiends of many kinds who unbidden on us call,
And make our lives a burden with their persecutions small;
But most of all in fly-time is my patience sorely tried
By the fiend who stands serenely with the screen-door open wide.

Though ubiquitous the others and wearing many forms,
Stealing on you unawares like the fiercest dog-day storms;
They are nothing, you will find, when they're rated close beside
That fiend who stands in fly-time with the screen-door open wide

Oh, wise inventors, help me! make an automatic door
That will open stay five seconds and not one second more.
The speed of lazy gossips how it would accelerate!
And the stupid bore I think would prefer outside to wait.

Oh, the scrambling there would be to get through that open door!
And feet would dance a breakdown that had never danced before;
But no more we'd suffer tortures when the summer 's at high-tide
From the fiend who stands serenely with the screen-door open wide.

CLARA J. DENTON.

THAT SWEET-GIRL GRADUATE.

NEWSTYLE-ON-THE-FLOODSON,
POLISHOFFE HALL, June, 1890.

MAMMA DEAR—It is just too mean for anything! The dear, sweet teacher who always examines us in versoterie, puttyism, and Plutonic selections, and characters from Hipson's dramas, and all those lovely occult sciences, was taken sick the last moment, and a horrid old thing with two pairs of spectacles and "executive ability" (such an unladylike quality) by the ton was sent for from the Young Women's Practical Home school to come and examine us.

She pretended she couldn't find the exam. papers Madame Dremieyes had prepared for us, so she was told to get up some questions of her own.

I'll just give you a few samples with my answers to show what a mean spite she had against our class. She thought she'd make us fail by taking things out of our line, and it's just because our seminary has lots prettier and more ladylike girls than hers (the horrid things actually wear aprons!).

She glared at me especially, for I've got the handsomest hands in the school (they all say), and I suppose she thought I couldn't answer one, because I've given all my time to those sweet isms lately, and knew every answer to what dear old madame was going to ask us off by heart.

But I just wouldn't please old Miss Pottsanpanns, and I answered every single one of her pokey old questions. I just remembered how you were sick a whole week when I's thirteen years old, and how papa patted me on the head and smiled when you got around again and said he couldn't have done any better himself, and that's a great deal for papa to say, you know.

DESIGN FOR A SUNSHADE UTILIZING THOSE SHOULDER PUFFS.

You remember how I did everything except the cooking and dish-washing and a few little things like that, that Biddy and Nora did.

I tell you my experience came in fine, and I bet Mamma Specs was astonished at my answers.

Here's her old questions:

"What would you do first to broil a beefsteak?" "Put it in the oven in a dripping-pan, of course!" "How long ought potatoes to boil?" "From three to ten minutes, according to whether you want 'em soft or hard." "How would you clean the silver?" "With bath-brick or ashes and soft soap" (this did make me awful tired). "What would you do in case the cook burned herself with steam?" "Carefully peel off the skin and cover the burn with red pepper and court-plaster" (you gave me an "Emergency Book" full of such things, you know). "How would you start to make bread?" "Wouldn't ever start; it's cheap enough at the baker's 'round the corner." (Old-fashioned thing! As if anybody that was anybody made bread nowadays!)

So they went on, mamma dear, just too simple for any use.

I handed her my paper first of all, with my nose in the air, and I guess when she reads it, and sees my elegant satin and *mousseline de soie* dress, and hears my essay on the "Limitlessness of the psychic ego," she'll be ashamed of the way she's acted. Good-bye.

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

A SCARCITY OF PELTS.

MCFERGUS (*in the new country*)—"Do yez find anny, Tim?"
HOGAN—"Divil th' hair. Th' man thot tould us this wor a fur-tree aither wor lyin' or ilse somewan has shkinned it befoor us."

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

Visitor—"I understand that you are going to stop publishing the Sunday edition of your paper on purely religious grounds?"

Clerk—"Yes, sir; we are."

Visitor—"Can I see the editor or the business manager a moment?"

Clerk—"No, sir, they have just stepped out to get measured for halos."

A COOL COSTUME.

Mrs. Gazzam—"George, I really must have some money for a new dress."

Gazzam—"Dresses are all going out of style."

Mrs. Gazzam—"What on earth do you mean?"

Gazzam—"Well, I read in a fashion article that 'nothing but coral ornaments will be worn this season.'"

TWO NEW FACTORS IN PRESIDEN

OLD LEADERS—"Great Scott! how big those two boys are getting. If they keep on growing a

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

RESIDENTIAL POLITICS.

growing at this rate, they will knock us all out for the nominations in 1892!!"

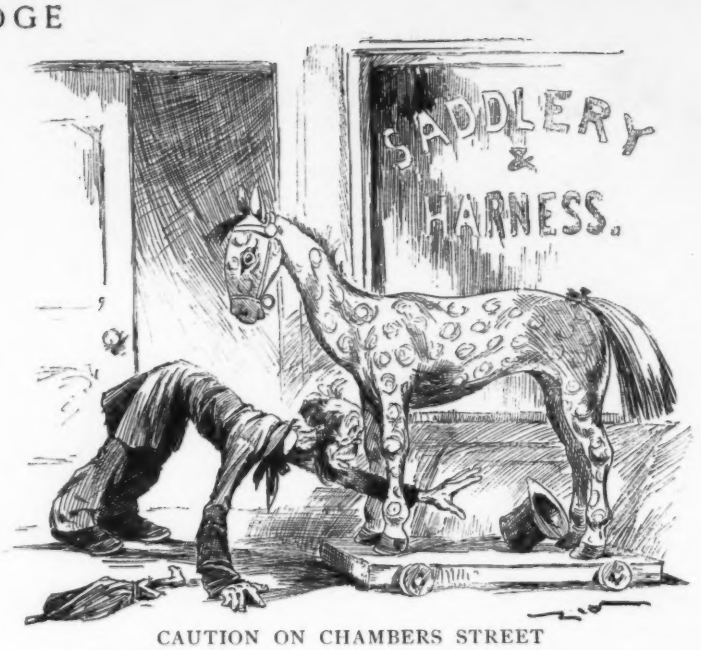
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

WORK an' pastime should be wedded;
Whistlin' is a foe to pain;
Food fer mouth an' eye oft mingle—
We find posies in the grain.
Thar er allus tears an' sadness;
Fortune frowns an' sin defiles;
But we awter nourish gladness,
Joyful songs an' happy smiles.

If the sob an' wail o' sorrow
Shouldn't in life's sunshine die
Why should sad an' sombre heavens
Fade into a happy sky?
If thar war no use fer laughter
Why should laughter merry flow?
If the river shouldn't ripple
Why should ripplin' breezes blow?

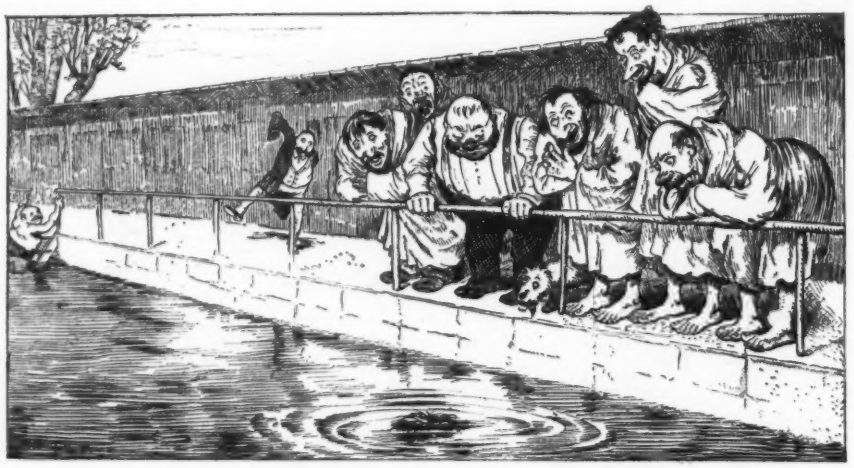
If thar war no call fer music
We ud never hear birds sing;
An' the wind up in the tree-tops
Wouldn't be so sweet a thing.
Whar the brook the stones caresses
Would you lis'en with delight
If its babble wasn't music
An' if music wasn't right?

J. A. WALDRON.



CAUTION ON CHAMBERS STREET

McPHAGUS (*whose hat has blown off*)—"So-ho now—sh—now, aisy! that's th' good harse. Whisht, now! so-ho, dar-rlin', so-ho—*Oi hov it*, yez divil!"



MYSTIFICATION AT THE SPA.

CHORUS—"Spiegelheimer must haf goot lungs. He has peen under fife minutes."
SPIEGELHEIMER (*climbing out*)—"Dot wig seems to pe addractin' mooch addentions alreatty."

THE RICHARD-BIRD SAYS:

THAT the summer exodus is just as great as ever, according to the daily papers;

But that a large number of "sassiety" people who have been severally reported to have gone to Europe, the seaside, and the mountains are summering quietly in New York and working up sunburn on the roof afternoons;

That the summer bathing-suit, although of very limited proportions, is to play an important part in our seaside social life;

That the sweet girl-graduate has come and has been seen but has yet to conquer;

That the man with a sure tip on the races is the last man you want to meet;

That the girl who wears the Henley shirt knows best where the collar-buttons hurt;

That the June weddings are about over and that the society papers are commencing to write up the fall divorces;

That this summer's girl is waiting in the wings for her cue and that she will make things lively when she comes on the stage;

That the summer engagement does not go;

That the young man who has the most to say is frequently the one who says the least;

That we are to have the warmest summer in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant; and

That the young man who used to send his best girl the best bonbons now sends her a cake of ice tied with satin ribbon.

KATE MASTERSON.

THE EARLY BIRD.

YOUR early-rising claims praise's warmest terms—
The early bird it is that catches worms;
And, judging from your breakfast appetite,
You caught a tape-worm by the dawning light.

A GOOD REASON.

"I WISH you wouldn't look so lovingly at that Arab," remarked young Dolley to Miss Amy as they inspected the curiosities in the side-show.

"Why not?" asked Amy.

"Because I don't like you to waste your sweetness on the desert heir."

PROTECTION ALL AROUND.

Mr. Schaumberger (excitedly)—"Vhat you aboud, Overiter, puilding dose fenses on mein broberdy?"

Overiter (soothingly)—"Oh, that's all right; I've only taken four inches. That's very little land."

Mr. Schaumberger (doubtingly)—"But how apout der admosphere?"

I LOVE books on music and dress,
Books on painting my spirit enthrall;
Yet here frankly I'm bound to confess
That my cheque-book I love best of all.

TEN SECONDS BEFORE THE BETROTHAL.

MISS WINKLEY—"Wha's dat flutt'rin' sound jess now?"
MR. GALLERWAY—"I didn' hear nuffin."
MISS WINKLEY—"Sounded pow'ful laik wings."
MR. GALLERWAY—"'Spec's hit must'r been Cupid."

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Der shilly Shack Frost he don'd can injoor wild oats.

Woomans vas weighed in der balance und vas found wanting—wanting a new bonnet.

Goot pleasant vords vas looking yoost der same like der leedle rain-trobs vat fall der ground down. Dhey vas shteal softly down, like der deuce, mitout eny difooculdy, but no feller could told how high ub vas dheir beneficialnesses.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

A tea-kettle can sing when it is merely filled with water. But man, proud man, is no tea-kettle.—*Terre Haute Express.*

PERSONAL.

Rosina and Lorenzo Tomaselli are at Fort William Henry hotel, Lake George, New York.

It cannot be true that the good die young; otherwise some of us would feel called upon to explain why we are staying here so long.—*Somerville Journal.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Judge—"Officer, you say you saw the prisoner throw whitewash on the complainant?" *Officer*—"Yes, your honor; I caught him red-handed in the act."—*Binghamton Leader.*

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THE WAY TO SLEEPTOWN.

The town of Sleeptown is not far,
In Timbuctoo or China,
For it's right near by in Blinkton county,
In the state of Drowsylina;
It's just beyond the Thingumbob hills,
Not far from Nodville centre,
But you must be drawn thro' the valley of Yawn,
Or the town you cannot enter.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby goes to Sleeptown!

He starts from the city of Odearme,
Thro' Boohoo street he totters
Until he comes to Dontcry corners,
By the shore of the Sleeping waters;
Then he comes to the Johnny-jump-up hills
And the nodding Toddlebom mountains,
And straight does he go thro' the vale of Heighho,
And drink from the drowsy fountains.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby goes to Sleeptown!

By Twilight path thro' the Nightcap hills
The little feet must toddle;
Thro' the dewy gloom of Flyaway forest,
By the drowsy peaks of Noddle;
And never a sound does baby hear,
For not a leaf does quiver
From the Little Dream gap in the hills of Nap
To the Snoozequehanna river.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby goes to Sleeptown!

Away he flies over Bylow bridge,
Through Lullaby lane to wander,
And on thro' the groves of Moonshine valley
By the hills of Wayoffyonder;
And then does the fairies' flying horse
The sleepy baby take up—
Until they enter at Jumpoff centre
The Peekaboo vale of Wakeup.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby comes from Sleeptown!
—*S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.*

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"Is the lad well born?" "Quite the reverse." "Ah! how so?" "His father was a millionaire."—*Chicago Times.*

And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
For the detective really had a clew.
—*New York Press.*

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Who can imagine a more thoroughly miserable human being than the lawyer who is seized with double pleurisy. Think of it! He can't lie on either side!—*Elmira Gazette.*

"A switch is matter," said the boy;
"It guides my acts, I find.
'Tis thus a force my folks employ
Of matter over mind."
—*Washington Post.*

THE NEW HOLLENDEN, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the most magnificent hotel in the west. American and European plans.

Brown (visibly embarrassed)—"Beg pardon, Mrs. Starveham, but I lost my pillow last night!" *The landlady*—"Well?" *Brown*—"If you don't object I should like to go out to the hen-house and get another feather!"—*American Grocer.*

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TWO MIND-READERS.

"Don't say a word," exclaims Bilkins, impressively, as a gaunt, unshaven man enters his office, says *America.* "Don't speak; don't utter a syllable. I have acquired the gift of mind-reading. A mysterious sympathy is established between us. I read your purpose. You have come here to collect Kent & Blunt's little account. Is it not so?"

"It is. You are quite right," replied the gaunt, unshaven one. "I, too, have been a mind-reader in my time. The power is on me now. I know your thoughts. I can tell what the speech will be that you are framing even now. You are going to say, 'I am very sorry, but you will have to call again.' Am I not right?"

"Marvelous!" ejaculated Bilkins.

"I can go further," pursued the prophet in a hoarse whisper. "You will tell me to come in about the middle of next week."

"Miraculous," cried Bilkins. "Now it is my turn. I can see into your very soul. You will answer, 'I have been coming here for the past two years every week, and it's high time you settled up.'"

"You astonish me."

"Yea, more—you will threaten to bring suit against me."

"Just what I was going to say. But I can carry my spiritual communion further. You will say 'Sue and be—blanked.'"

"My dear sir, you are inspired. You ought to be a wealthy prophet. Then," continued the gaunt, unshaven party, "after I give you a little back talk you will waft me gently into the street."

"There is no use fighting against destiny," responded Bilkins; and a few moments later, as the gaunt, unshaven mind-reader collected his remains from the sidewalk, he was overheard to remark that the next time he met a physician he would pass by on the other side.

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I LIKE YOU AND I LOVE YOU.

I Like You met I Love You, face to face;
The path was narrow, and they could not pass.
I Like You smiled; I Love You cried, "Alas!"
And so they halted for a little space.

"Turn thou and go before," I Love You said,
"Down the green pathway, bright with many a flower;
Deep in the valley, lo! my bridal bower
Awaits thee." But I Like You shook his head.

Then, while they lingered on the span-wide shelf
That shaped a pathway round the rocky ledge,
I Like You bared his icy dagger's edge,
And first he slew I Love You—then himself.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in Atlantic Monthly.*

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HUMANKIND.

A man-spiritualist is generally a man who lets his wife chop the wood. A theosophist also lets her carry it in.

Vanity, like suspicion, envy and murder, will out.

The difference between man and woman is the difference between faults and false.—*Ashland Press.*

Could the twelve apostles come to earth
And were not a certain "set" in,
There's many a Christian church they'd find
It's mighty hard to get in.
—*Merchant Traveler.*

Miss Choteau (from St. Louis, examining Cleverton's Ascot)—"Did you tie that yourself, Mr. Cleverton?" *Cleverton*—"Certainly." *Miss Choteau*—"That's just like you slow New-Yorkers. If you lived in St. Louis you could buy your neckties already made."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"I spent a whole hour to-day at the public library trying to choose a novel. It's such a nuisance." "Oh, I think it easy enough. I just look at the last chapter. If I find rain softly and sadly dropping over one or two lonely graves I don't take it, but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin I get it marked at once."—*Toronto Grip.*

He said he liked her face so sweet,
Her eyes with brows that almost meet,
He liked her forehead white and square,
He liked her long and waving hair,
He liked her cheeks with tints of rose,
But he heartily disliked her *noes.*
—*Washington Post.*

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He was a good man—a man whose word nobody doubted—whose integrity and veracity were as good as a bond. And a friend said to him, "I saw you speeding your horse the other day." "Yes." "He's a fine mover." "Yes." "Got lots of speed." "Yes." "As near as I could catch him that day he was making a 2:40 clip." "Yes, I think so." And that horse could not go a mile in five minutes, and the owner knew it, and the other man knew it, and he was simply baiting a hook to tempt the good man to lie. And he caught him.—*Free Press.*

Two reporters were standing at Fourth and Race at midnight last night. The fellow who approached them was seedy and cheeky. He was so seedy that in a warmer clime he might have sprouted. He did not look like a banker, but he talked like one. "I say, gents," he remarked to the two young men, "please gimme ten cents, won't yer?" "I gave you a dime on Vine street not an hour ago," said one of the reporters. "I'll bet yer five dollars yer didn't," was the amazing retort, "I haven't that much money with me," the reporter said, aghast. "Well," remarked the seedy man, as a look of disgust slid over his dirty face, "yer don't want to make any statements unless yer got de money to back 'em up. See?'—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

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Precept iz a buck saw, experience the elbow grease that runs the cussed thing.—*Josh Billings.*

The poet frequently gives rein to his Pegasus when the animal would doubtless prefer well-water.—*Binghamton Leader.*

While mothers are in every clime
Extolled in verse from time to time,
Who plods along with nary a rhyme?
Your father.

Who is it puts the key at night
Beneath the mat just out of sight,
And in the hall-way leaves a light?
Your father.

And when you seek the burlesque show
And want a seat in the front row,
Who got the last an hour ago?
Your father. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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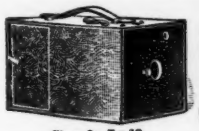

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OLD AUNT MARY'S.

Wasn't it pleasant, oh brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth, when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday wood" in the kitchen too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear to-day
Though I am as bald as you are gray—
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to old Aunt Mary's!

We cross the pasture and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood;
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky
And lolled and circled as we went by,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met and the countrymen;
And the long highway with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind and our hearts ahead,
Out to old Aunt Mary's!

Why, I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof! And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see,
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

And, oh, my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits to-day
To welcome us. Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come!" and all is well
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Among the passengers on the steamship La Bretagne, which sailed for Europe June 14th, was the genial and popular Mr. Alfred B. Scott, senior member of the well-known manufacturing chemists, Scott & Bowne, proprietors of the world-famed Scott's emulsion of cod liver oil, a remedy which has secured a great and deserving reputation in the cure of consumptive and scrofulous diseases. The success of this preparation is not confined to the United States. It enjoys a large sale all over Europe, and Mr. Scott now makes one of his periodical trips to attend to the affairs of his firm, which has branch houses established in London, Paris, Barcelona, Milan and Oporto.

Old Adam no umbrella had—
Not that he had no clothes, we take it,
So much as that he could not spare
The necessary ribs to make it.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

A young lady (hesitating for a word in describing a rejected suitor)—"He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but"—"Dogmatic," suggested her friend. "No, he has not dignity enough for that. I think pupmatic would convey my meaning admirably."—*Chatter.*

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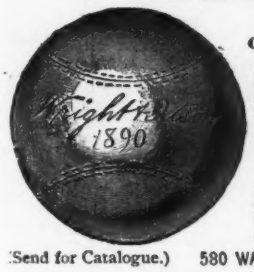

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"What does the doctor say?" "He says my liver is in a bad way, but he thinks he can save my bacon."—*New York Sun.*

Creditor—"When are you going to pay your debts?" *Debtor*—"That's none of your confounded business." *Creditor*—"But I need my money." *Debtor*—"That's none of my confounded business."—*German joke.*

"I come," the lecturer began,
And then he gave a gentle cough,
For in the audience a man
Irreverently said, "Come off!"
—*New York Herald.*

Burly party—"Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately placed your umbrella in my ear last evening?" *Little Blifferton*—"Very careless of me, I'm sure. I wondered what became of it, and—would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?"—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

SALT LAKE CITY.

The special attention of our readers is invited to the advertisement elsewhere of the Real Estate Exchange of Salt Lake City, Utah, calling attention to its attractions as a summer and health resort, and a rapidly rising metropolis. It is a foregone conclusion that Salt Lake City is to become one of the chain of mighty cities between the Atlantic and Pacific, and the inflow of our best American citizens in late years has made of it a delightful home city. The development of Salt Lake City must be wonderfully rapid from this time on. Write to the Real Estate Exchange, Salt Lake City, for illustrated pamphlets, summer tourist rates, etc.

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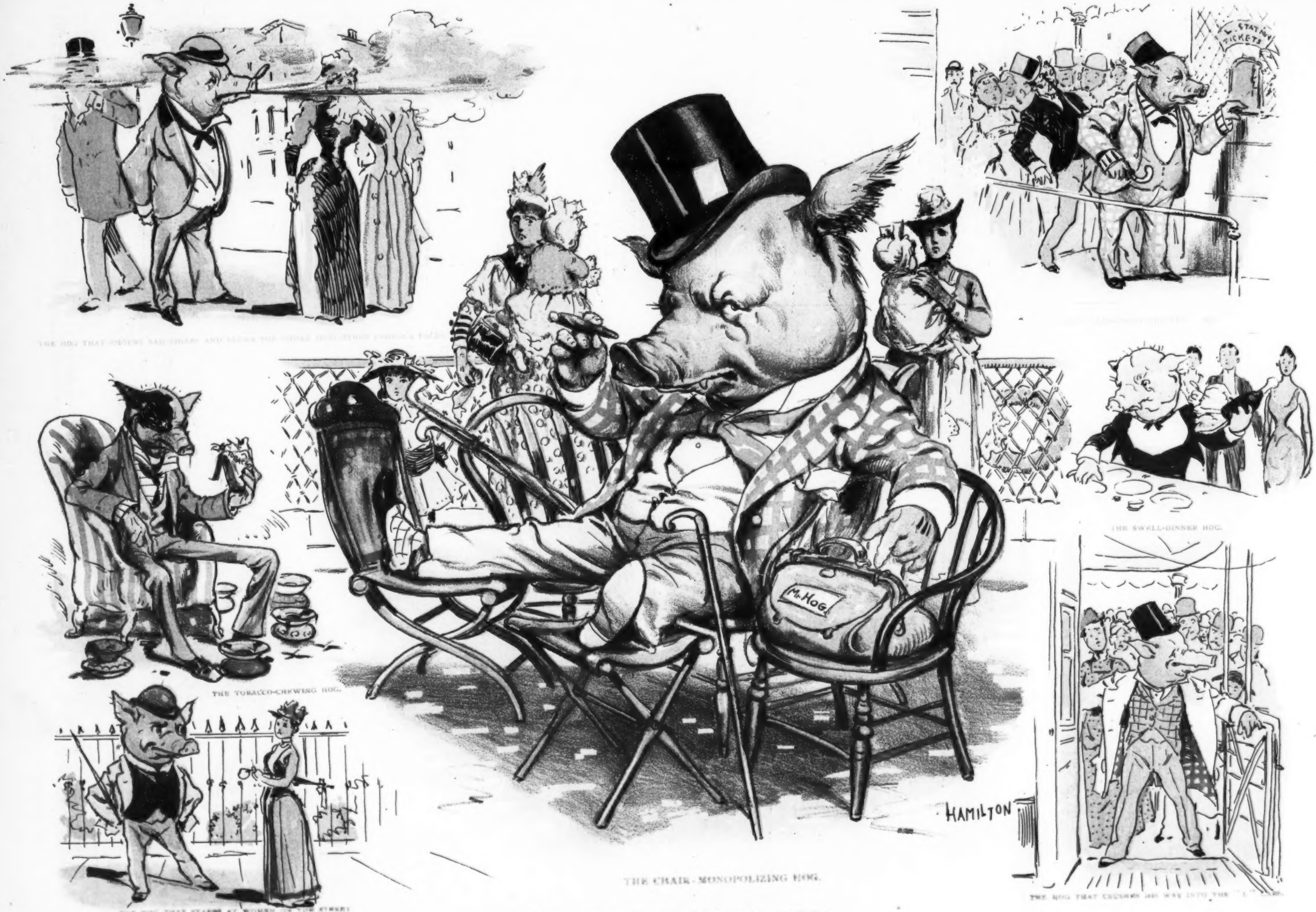

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